Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till wee ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſonne *Slender*, my

Slen. I forſoothe, I haue ſpoke with her, and wee haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke. Light and Spirits will become it well: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man meanes euill but the deuill, and we ſhall know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Miſ. Page, Miſ. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Maſter Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly; goe before into the Parke; we two muſt goe together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Miſt. Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter; But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Miſ. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troope of Fairies?

ries? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Miſt. Page. They are couch'd in a pit hard Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once di night.

Miſ. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him

Miſ. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mo be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Miſ. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Miſt. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and th Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery.

Mi. Ford. The houre drawes-on; to the O Oake.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies; Come, and rem parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into t when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; trib, trib.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quick Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The Windſor-bell hath ſtroke twel nute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy E ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that ſpe&s makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſome other, a You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to